The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1912.

HOIST WITH OUR OWN PETARD.

The more closely one studies the protest of the British government against our Panama Canal legislation exempting coastwise shipping from tolls in passing through the great interocean and international waterway the clearer it becomes that we have no case, either in morals or construction of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The more patent is it that our position is flagrantly and shamelessly repugnant to the one and involves most disgraceful subterfuge, quibbling and evasion as to the other.

Chief Justice Waite pronounced a decision of Stanley Mathews in the Virginia coupon cases to be a "mere jingle of words" to coerce a sovereign State. Our argument in the canal case is all that, and only that. It is advanced to the end of justifying repudiating a solemn contract, of hedging on a mistake we made with our eyes open, of escaping payment of the price we agreed to pay in consideration of modification of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, and at the last of indirectly subsidizing a monopoly which an expert, Professor Emory R. Johnson, employed by the War Department, reported and proved mathematically did not need subsidizing—i. e., the coastwise shipping interests.

This contravenes in no sense the principle of equity that the canal, having been built exclusively with American money, we should derive especial benefits from it over those accruing to other nations. That, however, is now an abstract proposition, made so by our own purblindness and lack of precision. It has nothing to do with the concrete factors of the present situation and issue.

Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who formulated the vigorous but courteous, nay, friendly, protest, cuts the ground from under us at every step. This he does, not only by his own irrefutable logic and irrefragable facts, but even—"the unkindest cut of all"—by turning against us one of our own weapons, with which, in a similar conflict, we were able to triumph. Over two decades ago, when Canada assessed 20 cents a ton on commerce through the Welland Canal, but remitted 18 cents a ton on grain transported "to Montreal or points East" in British bottoms, we vehemently protested that this action was a violation of treaty.

Canada receded, and the discriminating "order" was revoked. However, in renewing her reply to our protest, we had urged that she "ignored the adroitly devised system by which the traffic of the citizens of the United States is made to contribute a much larger percentage of tolls in the Welland Canal than the traffic of Canadians." That is precisely the attitude of Sir Edward Grey in the current controversy. It is a contention he adopted and adroitly, but fairly, turns against us with annihilating effect, as must be obvious to every American of the most elementary powers of comprehension. He hoists us with our own petard, to our self-stultification. All other considerations aside, all of his other cogent argument apart and reasoning by analogy and parallels, Sir Edward indicts us out of our own mouths on the charge of gross and unblushing attempt, under cover of far-fetched and utterly untenable verbal misinterpretation, to ignore our plighted faith. Our claim in the Welland Canal question alone is all-sufficient to prove that the only solvent of the problem of maintaining our self-respect, preserving the national honor and rehabilitating ourselves in the eyes of the world is repeal of the canal toll legislation or the alternative of submission of the issue to arbitration as the British protest invites.

ENDOWED POETRY.

The contents of Poetry, the new magazine devoted to the lifting numbers of our American bards and published by the intervention of fifty rich sponsors for $50 apiece, does not arouse much hope that pensioned poets will set the world afire. The Pegasus of the Muses is not a soaring beast. Guaranteed poetry is like boiled water—pure but tasteless. The Pierian Spring bottled and put on the market is not very exhilarating. It has the label, nothing more.

The whole theory of subsidized poetry is wrong. If lyric emotions and beautiful imaginings do not fill a need that will pay for them, they make poor beggars. They should be self-supporting. A perusal of the verses in Poetry make clear the reasons why a subsidy is necessary. These poets do not attack the big and beautiful aspects of our modern life with inspiration and beauty. They write little rimed essays in sociology, queer psychological meditations on some of the neurotic passions of a tense civilization and amiable love songs. But the great sweep of Homer, or Milton, or Burns, or Whittier, finds not even an echo in the trifles published. They are imitations of imitations, in pretty technical form and faultless phrasing, but without the flame that warms and guides.

Whenever the audacities of modern science and engineering dig deep enough into the souls of men, poets will arise to express the new visions. When the ideal of democracy swept Whitman's soul, he did not have to seek a little pale pamphlet to find outlet. He wrote with all the virile strength he could muster, and got his reward in the writing. When our modern poets are really inspired they will need no booklet. They will get front-page space in the newspapers.

PROFESSOR TAFT.

Whether or not Mr. Taft will see fit to become Kent professor of law at Yale upon his retirement to private life, it is certain that here he might find the happiness and usefulness that he has not found in a more brilliant sphere. His judicial temper would find an occupation of pleasant dignity and peace. His sincerity of purpose and gentle amiability of character could not but be an adornment to the faculty of a great school. His experience in public affairs could not but produce a large and living vision of the functions and methods of his chosen profession of law.

He would not be without distinguished precedent for alliance with an institution of learning after the fever and fret of high office. Ex-President Harrison gave lectures on law at Leland Stanford, and Mr. Cleveland found leisure and friendship and peace for his last years in the classic shades of Princeton. In Virginia the business of teaching young men has appealed to our finest men. Thomas Jefferson put upon his gravestone the fact that he was father of the University of Virginia, although he omitted the title of President. His chief joy when withdrawn into the peace of Monticello was to guide the new university and inspire its sons. General Lee, after an ordeal and a glory greater than any President's, found solace in the simple duties of a college president.

Many occupations are closed to our ex-Presidents by the ideal of dignity. They cannot descend to the turbulent struggle of the mere commercial life. Nor would it be in keeping to have Mr. Taft carrying cases before judges whose appointment had come from him. Far better for the country that his ripe learning and experience should shine in the lives of his students than that he should rust in idleness even with the compensation of a Carnegie pension. He would understand the academic ideals of a university, and it would profit by his dwelling therein.

A NATION OF COFFEE DRINKERS.

In per capita consumption the United States consumes fifteen times as much coffee as does the United Kingdom, while our British brethren drink six times as much tea as we do. We are indeed a nation of coffee drinkers, and England retains its strong preference for the cup that cheers. Coffee consumption is growing here, and there is a corresponding increase in the European use of tea.

The figures that support this observation are striking. In half a century there has been an increase of 87 per cent in the use of coffee and a decrease of 11 per cent in tea in this country; in the United Kingdom tea drinking has increased 87 per cent, while coffee drinking has fallen off 56 per cent. It seems that the beverages are suited to us. Our nervous tension calls for coffee, and the milder brew is suited to our phlegmatic English cousins.

THE JINGLE OF THE GUINEA.

During the past three decades—since the passage of the McKinley high tariff law of 1890—the reply to all criticisms of the internal evils of the protective system has consisted of buncombe and hyperbole relative to our marvelous material progress. The "jingle of the guinea" has been the argument used against those who have had the temerity to believe and assert that the protective policy is morally wrong, and that it results in the exploitation of the many by a favored few. They have been told that their own economic welfare and that of all the wage-earners and consumers, as well as the general prosperity of the country, was primarily due to and indissolubly bound up in high customs duties.

These tactics have become so familiar as to almost lose their significance, but it has remained for President Taft to come forward with an exposition and justification in terms of dollars and cents of the services of our diplomatic officers in behalf of American trade and industry. In his recent message to Congress he defends the "new diplomacy," or, in other words, "the dollar diplomacy," on the ground that it "pays." After reading this message, one can almost picture the money-changers in the Department of State and hear the cash registers ratting off the record of our diplomatic achievements.

There can be no dispute as to the importance of the work of our consuls and special commercial agents abroad in opening up new markets for the products of our farms and mills and in discovering unexploited trade opportunities. The value of this work has long been recognized. The consular service has been developed with this object in view, and one of the main purposes leading to the establishment of the Bureau of Manufacturers, the appointment of special commercial agents abroad, and the publication of trade reports has been to study foreign markets in the interest of American exporters and manufacturers. The openings in the markets of other countries, foreign methods of distribution and the financing of their export trade by the leading commercial nations, have been investigated with great benefit and have had a stimulating effect upon our manufacturers, who are seeking outlets for their surplus products. This policy, however, has been purely commercial and should not be confused, as it is by President Taft, with the proper functions of our diplomatic officers. Our State Department should not use the prestige of our government or impair the traditional honor and unselfish ideals of our republic by securing participation in a Chinese loan, imposing unwelcome restrictions upon our South American neighbors, or by collecting the questionable obligations which some of our financiers and promoters claim to be due them from weak or backward countries. Our Secretary of State should not be the avowed exponent of a policy of commercial aggrandizement.

The claim as set forth by President Taft that tariffs should be used to coerce other countries into granting trade concessions or in preventing them from dumping their surplus products upon our shores also does not seem to be borne out by the facts. If this were true, Great Britain should commercially be a decadent nation. It has no means of exacting trade favors from other nations, and all the world can sell in British markets with entire freedom from legislative restrictions. Despite these conditions the foreign trade of the United Kingdom during the past decade has advanced at only a slightly less rate than that of Germany, and at a greater rate than that of France and the United States.

President Taft's utterances, in brief, are not convincing in whole or in part. They are significant and startling, however, in the realization which they bring as to the new attitude that is so widely and so eminently held towards the functions of our diplomatic service. It is manifest that our foreign policy is in danger of being completely commercialized. It is to be hoped that the administration of Woodrow Wilson will free our external relations from such a catastrophe, in the same way that it is expected to deliver our domestic politics from sinister commercial and industrial influences. Let us develop our foreign trade by all possible means, but in carrying out this laudable policy let there be no ground for the statement from any source that the "jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

THE SIAMESE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

The meeting of the Progressives at Chicago was a queer mixture of oil and vinegar. It emphasized again that the Progressive party is twins. One member is made up of ambition, shrewd politics, and self-seeking. The other is a real belief in social betterment and a finer justice between men. Its meetings begin with an almost religious singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and end by passing round the hat. Much of its proposed organization is wise and constructive, but its chief exponent seemed strangely distraught and uninterested. No reverberations of Rooseveltian thunder smote the welkin. No hot stuff was served to the country. The Bull Moose gave kingly approval to what his cohorts did, but his hat was not in the ring, nor his heart in the cause. The explanation is simple. It is a long time until the ides of 1916. To keep the publicity pot bubbling for four years is too tremendous a task even for the king of publicity makers. He cannot tell what will be needed at the psychological moment, so he prefers to wait until the moment arrives. Nothing seems stranger, yet, in fact, nothing is more characteristic, than the Roosevelt silences and the Roosevelt shrinking. He waits. It was so after Africa. It is so after Armageddon.

But regardless of the apathy of their chief, the Progressives undertook some constructive measures in political organization that may well hold the attention of the country. They arranged for a base of operations that will be badly needed in the campaigns of the future. The old order certainly perished in 1912. They are the first to perceive the need for a new. Hereafter there will be no wild scramble for funds by great parties. That shameful necessity has passed. But money will still be needed, and in getting the promise for a set contribution of $50,000 for each year to be underwritten by State organizations and the party generally, the Progressives have shown what will become necessary for others. The members of a party will have to support that party.

The appointment of a commission to investigate the methods of European parties points the same lesson. American politics will change, and it is wise to be ready for the change. The selection of a permanent publicity bureau and of a permanent legislative bureau means that haphazard organization for a few months will no longer suffice. State campaigns, primaries and all the interwoven parts of a great machine must be kept in working order. Otherwise it cannot be efficient.

The most interesting achievements of this gathering were not what Mr. Roosevelt did or did not say, or even what will become of him or of George Perkins. The fact worth nothing was the recognition of a new method in politics.

M Garros broke the altitude record by ascending 19,032 feet in the air. He did not, however, sight the high cost of living.

The New Haven Railroad will be glad to find any old haven if the government seriously investigates it.

This crisp weather makes everybody step lively except the Broad Street pavers.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Stingy.

"That Blinks woman is the meanest woman in this town," said Mrs. Jones to her husband as they sat at dinner.

"How so?"

"Well, we were coming out in the car this afternoon and I reached in my bag as though I intended to pay our fares and what do you think the mean little cat did. She let me go on and do it."

A Mean Woman.

"I think that Mrs. Jones is the meanest little cat in this town," remarked Mrs. Piety Hill to her husband.

"How is that, m'dear?" asked Mr. Hill.

"Well, I had fixed up something real sarcastic to say to her about her new hat, and she said the same thing about mine and said it first."

From The Hickeyville Clarion.

Old Man Purdy has got a new job with his wooden leg. He got notches cut in it and he stands out in Swazey creek so the people can see if the flood is raising or falling. Purdy says the only help for this town is to dam the river and a good many people in our midst are following his suggestion, with the exception of the Rev. Hudnutt, who doesn't believe in it.

Amos Butts, our genial undertaker, says business is quiet this spring. What Amos ought to do is to advertise in the Clarion. We reach all the dead ones. There is going to be an amateur tank drama at Tibbitt's Hall next Wednesday evening and Hank Tumms is going to take the leading part. Some kick is being made, because it is claimed Hank is not an amateur, but a professional tank.

The Hickeyville Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to play over to West Hickeyville next Thursday. That's when we will get even with West Hickeyville for all she has done to us. Grandma Perkins is still alive and a lot of relations is kept in suspenders to know which will get her eighty.

Amos Butts, our popular and congenial undertaker, has purchased a new whip socket for his hearse. Let the improvements go on. Racin' home from funerals is all the go in these parts at this writing.

Amariah Tilson, our popular and congenial tonsorial artist, guitar player and fancy whistler, has got his picture in the Police Gazette at last. He now expects to accept a lucrative offer from some vaudeville opry in the near future, as this town is getting too small for him.

Reginald Hickey, who has been heavy man with the De Coursey stock company the past season, has come home to spend the winter with his mother, who takes in plain sewing by the day or week. Hank Tumms said whoever hired Reginald for a heavy man was stung, as Reginald only weighs 132. Old man Purdy said that's nothing, as he once knowed an actor who weighed 246 and the papers all got fooled into calling him a light comedian on account of the color of his hair, and old man Purdy said Hank was a liar and Constable Ezra Hank had to intere and pry Hank and old Purdy apart with a crowbar.

Hi Huggins has invented a new flyin' machine. He says he will sail through the air on it, and when he wants it to light he will touch a match to it. Hi is almost as comic as an almanac.

What?

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"I'll rise at five o'clock and go
Right out and shovel off the snow."

But most of them, with souls quite dead
Lie safe within their beds instead,
And do not even deign to blush
When passersby wade in the slush.

'Twas Always Thus.

I dwelt within a palace grand
With hired help on every hand,
I ran the place at large expense;
The luxury was just immense.
I lived on porterhouse and quail;
My chef knew no such word as "fail."
I had a splendid limousine,
A seven-passenger machine,
I also owned a racing car
And there was not a thing to mar
My peace of mind. I knew no toil;
I didn't have to do a thing
From spring to fall and fall to spring
I had no worry on my mind,
Or va'l regret of any kind.
My castle was a sight to see;
I had ten men to wait on me,
And when I got a bill, by heck,
My secretary wrote a check.
I lolled about and took my ease
With bank notes piled up to my knees,
Then something happened suddenly,
My wife came in the room and she
Said as she gave my hair a jerk:
"Wake up, you chump, and go to
work."

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: 1912: By John T. McCutcheon.]

Bill—"Great Scott, I s'pose I'll have to send a present to Jim. He'll be sure to send me something."

Jim—"Thunderation! I s'pose I'll have to send something to Bill. He always remembers me at Christmas time."

"O, dear, what shall I send Aunt Laura? It is so hard to get anything for her. She has everything in the world."

"Gee, I'll be in the hole till March. I wish Christmas came along in the spring some time."

Voice of the People

Another Side of the Monticello Question.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It seems to me that the time has come for all true lovers of justice to band themselves together and fight for right in the Monticello question, which Mrs. Littleton is agitating so vigorously. Living within seven miles of Monticello, and having been a constant visitor there for fifteen years, I feel called upon to place a few facts before the eyes of the fair-minded public. Mrs. Littleton has made so many false statements about the place and its owner, and he, being a gentleman, feels he cannot take issue with her personally, so it is up to Mr. Levy's friends to help defend him.

Mrs. Littleton's statement in the Washington Post of July 10, that Monticello was not kept up, and that Jefferson's grave was "shamefully neglected," is false. The graveyard and Jefferson's grave belong to the Randolph family, Jefferson's descendants, and Mr. Levy has no more rights there than the general public. The government put the high spiked fence around the graveyard to keep the public, and especially the souvenir hunters, from destroying the monument. In the last few months Mr. Levy has had built, at his own expense, a handsome brick retaining wall and steps flanked by pillars outside the graveyard, to beautify and preserve the approach to the grave. Mr. Levy has spent a fortune in restoring and keeping the estate in the spirit of the original Jefferson conception. There is not one man in a thousand who would have preserved the place, inside and out, intact as he has, never in a single instance substituting any of his own ideas of architecture for those of Jefferson. He has done this often at the sacrifice of modern comfort and convenience. The same little, queer, narrow stairs remain, though they are most uncomfortable. Nothing is altered, only restored, as it was in Jefferson's time. Every piece of furniture that it was possible to buy, Mr. Levy has bought. Failing this, he has furnished the house with original Louis XIV. furniture, in keeping with the Louis XIV. mirrors, lamps and chandeliers in the house, which were brought from France and placed there by Jefferson himself. There are many wonderful and beautiful works of art in the house. Perhaps the most prized is the original portrait of Jefferson, by Dick, and next, the silver coffee urn used by Jefferson all his life.

Monticello is open to the public all the year, and only the restrictions necessary to the preservation of the property are placed on the sightseers. Permission to visit the interior of the house can always be obtained by applying to the owner, or his attorney. One thing Mrs. Littleton failed to state, and that is that at all times Mr. Levy is a servant of the public and a genial host. His hospitality knows no bounds. She should remember this, having been royally entertained there, and after accepting his hospitality now seeks to rob him of his home. Let any person or delegation of men or women wish to visit Monticello, no matter what time of the year, or how inconvenient it is to him, either Mr. Levy or his sister, Mrs. Von Mayhoff, comes from New York and brings a corps of servants and opens Monticello, entertaining the visitors most delightfully.

I am proud to say that Virginia, the cradle of Jefferson, and where he is almost revered as the patron saint of liberty, is against such measures. This has been shown by the resolutions of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution (Charlottesville, Va.), denouncing Mrs. Littleton's measures, and being ready as a body to stand by Mr. Levy in his fight for home and justice. Even the poor man in Virginia is protected by the homestead law, and should one be robbed of his home just because a great man has lived there?

One of the strongest tenets of Mr. Jefferson's philosophy was the inherent right of every man to the peaceful possession of his private property and the pursuit of happiness according to his own views, unhampered by interference, so long as these views were not in violation of the laws of the land. It was the emphasizing of these inalienable rights that has been considered by everybody as the strongest point in Jefferson's immortal Declaration. Any interference with Mr. Levy's peaceful possession of Monticello, a place which has been in possession of his family for eighty years, ever since it was sold to pay Mr. Jefferson's debts after his death, would be in direct violation of the inherent rights of man as guaranteed by our Constitution, and as instituted by the very man who built Monticello. Does any sane man in America believe that Jefferson would have approved of this?

L. G. T.

A Playground Plan.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In an editorial in your paper under date of November 5, entitled "Co-operation for Playgrounds," you said in part, "There is too much hoping and wishing and not enough of the dreary, commonplace grind which gets things done."

To begin with, let me say that there is no sort of competition, except that there may be a healthy rivalry, between the work being done by the Church Civic Association, which I represent, and the larger work to be done by the city under the proposed plan of the Committee on Recreation and Playgrounds.

My object in writing this article is to make a plea for recreation courts for the boys, in every section of our city, who are just developing into manhood and who need a place for healthy amusement. I mean the older boys in the grammar schools, the high school boys and the boys who, from force of circumstance, are obliged to seek employment. The formation of character is at stake with these chaps, and it is the "dreary, commonplace grind" only can accomplish this.

It is very picturesque to see a group of small children playing in sand piles, sliding the chutes, swinging and doing stunts on the seesaw. No doubt the children are having a delightful time, and the days pass quickly for them. These same children with the same amount of supervision would have as good a time, and I believe more healthful, if they were allowed to use the grass plots on the public parks, and were taught to play the group games, without which a child does not develop the proper spirit of play, which is the beginning of the formation of character.

The real problem is not that we furnish amusement places for boys and young men and then work our nerves to a frazzle trying to keep them interested, but to find out what athletic games and sports the boys themselves like to play, and to try and satisfy the demand.

This is the problem to be solved by the City Supervisor of Recreation and Playgrounds, but, from a business viewpoint, perhaps the Finance Committee of the Council, before passing on the proposed appropriation of $7,500 would like to know in a general way what might be done along the line of permanent playground equipment.

A plan which has been worked out successfully by the Church Civic Association in the eastern section of our city and which has been favorably commented upon by the chairman of the Committee on Recreation and Playgrounds is this:

To erect a wire play court or cage 35 by 65 feet, built over a concrete surface, iron pipe and wire used in the construction. The cage to be eighteen feet high on the sides and twenty-four feet high in the centre. Two arc lights over the top to light the court at night. The cage to be built in the school yards and to be used during the day by the school children and at night by the high school boys and working boys.

The screened court would be used for basketball, volleyball, hockey, playground ball, roller skating, and when the weather was cold enough it could be flooded with two inches of water and used as an ice rink. In the summer, during vacation time, the surface could be covered with sand and used as a recreation centre for smaller children.

I have not obtained figures as to the court described above, but I believe it could be built and furnished with equipment for the sports above mentioned for about $1,000, if not less, and if kept painted it should last at least twenty years, with slight repair now and then. If four screened courts could be built each year and properly supervised, and most of the courts could be supervised without cost, the city would soon be honeycombed with athletic play courts where character would be formed at less expense to the city, in the long run, than it now costs to reform men and women.

The court would be used by the working boys and older schoolboys at night. Every neighborhood would have its basketball team. Basketball leagues would be formed all over the city. The playcourt in the school yard would be the centre of attraction in every neighborhood, and instead of the police being kept busy chasing boys off the corner every night, they would be detailed to take a friendly interest in the sports at the play centres. Better order would be maintained in every neighborhood, better morals would be developed, and by the outdoor exercise our boys would grow into the sturdy kind of men that would enhance the value of our citizenship.

The thing that interests me most, and the thing, I believe, that caused a setback to the playground movement several years ago, is that the money to be spent the coming year should show some growth in permanent equipment—something than can be used the year around; something that will appeal to the growing boy who has nowhere now to spend his spare time; something that will not have to be done over again next year, but something which is sane and in keeping with the spirit of progress and that can be added to, so that in the near future, with a reasonable yearly appropriation, the city of Richmond cannot be reproached for neglecting to properly look after the development of the men of to-morrow.

In closing, let me say that the Church Civic Association is working in harmony with the Committee on Recreation and Playgrounds in its endeavor to supply healthful supervised play in a section of the city which has the largest juvenile population, and if the plan suggested in this letter will further the interest of better playground facilities for every section of our city, we will be amply paid for our trouble.

FRANK S. TOUSEY,
Supervisor Church Civic Association.
Formerly Christ Church Association.

Abe Martin

Th' boy that delivers papers on roller skates may live t' be a poll book holder, but his chances fer th' presidency are purty slim. Melodeon Hall is a funny ole buildin'. It holds five thousan' when Bryan speaks an' four hundred when 'East Lynne' comes along.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Rossetti.

I am offered the "Immortal edition" of Rossetti's poems at what seems to me a high price. Will you be good enough to tell me the list price of the book?

MISS A. N.

In the edition you mention, Coleridge, Poe and Rossetti are all in one volume, which sells at $2 to $7.50, according to the binding. Your dealer can get it for you at these prices.

Medical.

A is a graduate of a medical college and has practiced in Virginia for twelve years, paying his license fee, but never having taken the State examination. Has he a right to practice? B has been in the practice of medicine in West Virginia for five years. Would he be allowed to practice in Virginia without taking the Virginia State Board examination?

DOCTOR.

(1) He has not. (2) The matter of reciprocity among the States is not exactly fixed. No one here seems to know the status of affairs between this State and West Virginia. Dr. Herbert Old, Norfolk, Va., secretary of the Virginia Board of Medical Examiners, can inform you exactly.

Innes Randolph.

Please tell me who is the author of the verses beginning, "We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy, so fresh from the chisel of Rogers," etc., and where they may be found.

R. R. G.

Innes Randolph. They have been printed many times in many places. We can direct you to none, however, but the little volume of his verses, "Poems by Innes Randolph," published by Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md.